





## WHOLE NUMBER DCCXXXIX.

our neighbors, whether powerful or weak; therefore, we are incapable of committing a theft! Such is your logic.

Sir, robbery is, and always has been, the grand business of this nation—its prominent characteristic and ruling passion. As a people, we have used oppression, and exercised robbery, and have vexed the poor and needy: yes, we have oppressed the stranger wrongfully. If we have not been distinguished for land-stealing, the fact is to be accounted for simply on the ground that our domains were already sufficiently extensive for our purposes. We have signalized ourselves by atrocities of a deeper dye, and which surpass the deeds of the wicked:—for in our skirts have the blood of innocence, and our traffic is in slaves and the souls of men.

Has wounded and bleeding Africa no charges to prefer against us at the bar of God, for invading her territory, giving her beautiful villages to the consuming fire, slaying countless numbers of her innocent children, and dooming to the chains and stripes of a frightful servitude, such of them as survived the horrors of the middle passage? Yes, we have the cool assurance to declare, that the Constitution is without stain or reproach—in the face of the damning fact, that, under that Constitution,—for twenty long years after its adoption,—the piratical slave trade was prosecuted by us as a lawful commerce; and even to this day, is protected by our national flag. Shall I not visit, for these things? saith the Lord. Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?

The inhabitants of Texas have long been proverbial for their infamous character. By common consent, she has been denominated “the great valley of rascals”—a chosen refuge for all swindlers, cut-throats, forsters, burglars and cut-throats, escaping from the United States. Doubtless, she has a few, a very few worthy citizens; but, as a whole, her population is nothing better than a vast bandit, surrounded by the forms of law. Yet, so corrupt are you in sentiment, so debased in spirit, so abject in servility, you haul them as ‘our brethren, our kith and kin, men who have worshipped at the same altars’ (!) with us, who have been educated in the same schools, and trained to the same republican principles! Again, you malignize them as ‘our own brethren’—our own children—our fellow-soldiers, who have fought with us side by side; our fellow-patriots, who, like ourselves, have contended for their liberties and independence, and, like ourselves, have established a FREE CONSTITUTION! Nay, a third time you are impelled to utter the language of panegyric in contemplating the virtuous and democratic character! They are a people more than leavened by Americanism—a people possessing unity of birth and religion—unity of education—unity of social habits—unity of principles, throughout, with ourselves and our immortal fathers—trained to REPUBLICAN forms and self-government long enough and strong enough!!!

Are you not ashamed of yourself, Senator Woodbury? What do you mean by that cabalistic word “democracy”? Liberty to buy, sell, steal and flog negroes, and to lynch abolitionists, *ad libitum*? Do you not know that no man’s life is safe in Texas, who proclaims himself hostile to slavery? Do you not know that, by the ‘free Constitution’ of Texas, no free colored person is allowed to remain on her soil? Do you not know, that by the same instrument, slavery is made perpetual? Do you not know that these Texans, ‘trained up to the same republican principles with ourselves,’ are systematic slave traders, slave speculators, and slave plunders, who neither fear God nor regard man? And yet you glory in their character and deeds! Away, to Texas! or hide yourself from the presence of the virtuous and good! Your democracy is a sham.

Lamenting the prostitution of your talents, reproaching the dishonesty of your course, and loathing the very name of a pro-slavery democrat, I remain,

Your plain-spoken friend,  
WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

**RELEASE OF DELIA A. WEBSTER.** The pardon of this young woman, by the Governor of Kentucky, appears to have been founded on the fast now rendered certain, that she is and always has been a warm friend of the Colonization Society—strongly opposed to the abolition movement—and is entirely innocent of the act for which she was condemned. Fairbank has testified, under oath, to her innocence. Notwithstanding all this, it is said she was pardoned only on the condition that she should leave the State. The Cincinnati Atlas says that on her return to Vermont, she intends to publish a full account of the transaction, and at the same time ‘to express her views upon slavery, and point out the folly and injurious course of the abolitionists.’ Judging her by the letters she wrote in prison, the disgusting compliments she has since paid to Southern ‘chivalry,’ and the earnest desire she has manifested to be regarded in Kentucky as one destitute of all humanity for the oppressed, we think she is a disgrace to Vermont, and a libel on the name of woman. We hope the anti-slavery women, breathing the free air of the Green Mountains, will be prompt to reprove her unworthy course.

**THE PRESIDENT’S ADDRESS.** Who can read this Address without perceiving in it all that is loathsome in the cast of piety and patriotism, and all that is subtle and vile in the spirit of slavery? It appeals to the ‘Almighty Ruler of the Universe’ are incomparably more intolerable than the cursing and swearing of Peter when he denied his master. How debased must be the people who can elect a man—steal to be their President, lard him as a democrat, and throw up their caps at his professions as a lover of freedom and equality! O, this offence is rank: it smells to heaven!

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We have already seen recorded not less than three dreadful causas, (all fatal,) resulting from the discharge of cannon in honor of the inauguration of James K. Polk. This practice of firing salutes is as childish as it is dangerous.

## THE LIBERATOR.

LETTERS FROM HENRY C. WRIGHT.

SALISBURY, July 10, 1844. 4 o’clock, A. M.

To E. L. B. Wright.

DEAR WIFE.—In a few hours I start for Innsbruck, a journey of two days and one night. I have now seen much of Salzburg, a town of 11,000 inhabitants, situated on the river Salza, that comes down from the neighboring Alps. Salzburg is the *Jeweria* of the Romans, where the Roman legions once pitched their camp. It stands on the borders of Austria and Bohemia. There is nothing particularly remarkable in the houses or streets, except that the former are very high, and the latter narrow; and the river runs through the middle of the town with the speed of a mountain torrent. This is allowed, by common consent, to be the most beautiful spot in Germany. Certainly, as yet, I have seen nothing to compare with it. The town is encircled about half way by a chain of Noric, or Salzburg Alps, which here sink down into a fertile and richly cultivated plain. The transition from mountain to plain—the bold, rugged peaks, that rise perpendicularly one above another in the immediate vicinity of the town, from 4000 to 6000 feet, and at this moment covered with deep snow; the river winding along through meadows and rich harvested fields as it leaves the mountain gorge, and rolls quietly off to join the Danube; the contrast of green fields and gardens, and the bold, dark, frowning mountains that seem to rise up out of them; the two bold, lofty, rocky mountains, at whose base the town is built; the frowning castles and fortifications at the tops of those eminences—all contribute to make this spot one of unrivaled beauty and wildness.

These highly important resolutions were discussed with great spirit, and in strains of thrilling eloquence, by Messrs. Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, Frederick Douglass, William Lloyd Garrison, (various other friends of the cause also participating in the discussion,) in the presence of a numerous auditory. A collection (amounting to \$19.50) was taken up aid of the wife and children of the unfortunate Boyer, now confined in the Penitentiary of Virginia.

ANDREW ROBESON, President.

DANIEL RICKETSON, } Secretaries.

WILLIAM STEVENSON, }

The following persons were appointed a Committee of business:

William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, John F. Emerson, Edmund Quincy, Dr. Sisson, Elizabeth Russell, Caroline Weston.

The following resolutions were subsequently reported to the meeting by W. L. Garrison, as chairman of that Committee.

Resolved, That admiring the fidelity, though we detest the barbarity, with which Southern slaveholders cling to the atrocious system of slavery, we hereby solemnly renew our pledge to them, to the victims whom they are ruthlessly subjecting to chains and servitude, to the land in which we live, and to the friends of freedom throughout the world, that, as abolitionists, we shall be equally faithful and uncompromising in our conflict with the Slave Power—disheartened by no temporary defeat—diverted from our purpose by no false issue—and resolved never to abandon the field until the last bondman be set free, and liberty be universally triumphant.

Resolved, That the recent message of John Tyler, the Virginia slaveholder and slave-breeder, to the Congress of the United States, expressive of his deep abhorrence of the foreign slave trade, and boasting what this man-stealing republic has done for the suppression of that nefarious trade, is an embodiment of official hypocrisy and effrontery, calculated to excite the scorn of Heaven and the indignation of earth; and finds its parallel only in the conduct of those old Jewish formalists and oppressors who smote with the fist of wickedness, and crushed the poor and needy beneath their tyrannous power, while they piously inquired after the ordinances of justice, as those who worked righteousness, and took delight in approaching to God.

Resolved, That the foreign slave trade is an innocent and laudable as the domestic slave trade; and that the whole traffic, whether foreign or domestic, is just as deserving of protection and extension as the slave system.

Resolved, That there is no difference in criminality between the slave-traders on the African coast, and the slaveholders in the United States; therefore, the same punishment should be meted out to them all as the pirates of their race. If the former class should be hung by the neck till they are dead, so should the latter.

Resolved, That the defence made by Capt. Gilbert Ricketson, for having returned a fugitive slave found on board of his vessel to his tyrannical master in Norfolk, by which treacherous act a worthy and innocent-colored citizen of New-Bedford was doomed to years of confinement in the Virginia penitentiary as a felon, in a defense which, instead of excusing him in the slightest degree from condemnation, only serves to deepen his infamy.

Resolved, That the crime of which Capt. Ricketson was guilty, was one of transcendent enormity;—nothing less than being an accessory to kidnapping;—a crime which, if it had been committed on the coast of Africa, would have been treated as capital by the law of Congress respecting the slave trade.

Resolved, That the admission of another slave State—Florida—into the Union, almost without a single vote of remonstrance on the part of the people of the North, is another melancholy proof of the utter subjugation of the whole country to the slaveholding Oligarchy, and demonstrates the fearful degeneracy which has taken place in the moral sentiment of New-England, since the memorable conflict of slavery in 1820, to prevent the admission of Missouri into the Union as a slave State.

Resolved, That the Democratic party of this country, having in a most shameful and profligate manner consecrated itself to the vindication, extension and perpetuation of the Heaven-accursed system of slavery, and, consequently, to the overthrow of the anti-slavery movement, it becomes the imperative duty of the friends of liberty and emancipation in a special manner to expose the exceeding iniquity of that party, and, while it maintains its present hostile attitude, to conspire for its annihilation.

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Resolved, That as the American Union is erected on the half of the Whigs of Massachusetts, we nail our colors to the mast, and pledge ourselves to the State and country, to do all in our power to keep the old Bay State where she is, and where she has been, and where we trust she ever may be, the consistent supporter and example of what is lawful, orderly and right, the friend of the UNION, THE WHOLE UNION, THE UNION AS IT IS. Therefore,

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Resolved, That the Liberty party, so called, is not an anti-slavery instrumental, but is injurious to our cause, in a moral and political sense; and that is subtle and vile in the spirit of slavery? It appeals to the Almighty Ruler of the Universe!

Resolved, That the Whig party of Massachusetts is incomparably more intolerable than the cursing and swearing of Peter when he denied his master. How debased must be the people who can elect a man—steal to be their President, lard him as a democrat, and throw up their caps at his professions as a lover of freedom and equality! O, this offence is rank: it smells to heaven!

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The following persons were nominated for officers, and accepted by the meeting:

Andrew Robeson, President; John Bailey, 1st Vice-President; John F. Emerson, 2d Vice-President; Daniel Ricketson, Secretary; William Stevenson, Assistant Secretary.

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## POETRY.

From the New-York Evangelist.

**FREEDOM'S RALLYING CRY.**  
Ho! Northern Freeman! Freeman but in name!  
Have ye no eyes to see your utter shame?  
Has then your yoke an easy load become,  
That like a beast you wear it, and are dumb?  
The chains that bind your limbs—are they of gold,  
That thou consent to be thus bought and sold?  
Wake, reckless dreamers, ere it be too late!  
Perchance an effort still may save the State:  
If not, blame but yourselves, and wear your chain,  
And know yourselves sole authors of your pain!

Shame! That a sight like this should e'er be seen  
In a fair land not ruled by king or queen!  
Shame! That the North, with all her free-born race,  
Should bow before the South's ungodly face;  
Should even kick the dust beneath her feet—  
Drink her salvia, and pronounce it sweet!

Say, brethren, say: shall we be longer slaves?  
Forget the past—our fathers and their graves?  
No; let us rouse the spirit stirring there—  
Let our free voices once more fill the air,  
Proclaiming with a tone the South shall hear,  
That we are truly free. What do ye fear?  
The threat that they the Union will dissolve,  
And into chaos all our hopes resolve?  
The threat's a baseless as a breath of air—  
Let them dissolve it if they can and dare!  
God speed the crisis! 'Twll be bliss to see  
The day when Northern men are truly free.

Ho! stern New-England! Ho! majestic North!  
Bring all thy men, thy babes and maidens forth!  
Behold a sight to make thy senses reel—  
If thou hast left enough to see and feel!  
Behold thy son—thy sire—the brother see—  
The inmate of a Southern pallor!

Mark well the letters on that freeman's hand—  
The burning impress of a slaver's brand!  
What has his crime? Go, find it, if you can,  
In all that book which Heaven has given to man.  
A freeman branded! Will ye yet succumb—  
Nor lit an arm—but still be blind and dumb?  
Shall slavery rule us, and with reckless hand,  
Like brutes subject us to the stocks and brand?  
Speak out! and let those foul barbarians know  
That they have knelled their final overthrow.  
Remember Captain Walker! now must be  
A watchword in the army of the free!

The 'gap law' is repealed! Well, if it be,  
Wherin are we the gainers? We shall see:  
Your servants to your oft-repeated cry,  
Turned a deaf ear, and passed unheeding by.  
Will't please you better that they hear ye through—  
Read your petitions as they now must do—  
Then to a Southern junto turn them o'er,  
And coolly ask you if you yet have more?

Out on such servants! When their terms expire,  
Let them unhonored to their homes retire.  
Hope on—hope ever! God is with the right—  
In him are all the elements of might:

The wicked triumph, but they soon shall see  
His host approaching, and in terror flee.  
Hope on—hope ever! Light shall come at last—  
The darkest night shall mingle with the past.

From out the clouds that threaten o'er our heads,  
A bow shall shine, and brighten as it spreads;  
Our God himself shall be our ruler then,  
And we in truth—as now in name—free men.

## GOING DOWN TO JERICHO.

Travellers to Jericho

Once might pass the wounded man,  
Or might help him, as you know

Did the good Samaritan;

But those days surely past!

Priests and Levites, in their pride,

Have ordained by law, at last,

All shall pass the other side.'

Plundered, wounded, sore as then,

Festered in the sun to-day.

Millions of our fellow-men

Lie beside the dusty way.

He who, finding pity move,

Seas a sufferer on his beast,'

Shall himself no pity prove

From the Levite or the Priest.

Angels, in your starry height,

Having worlds of worlds in view;

Spirits in the world of light.

How appears such law to you?

Prudence, in this world of ours,

Recommends a heart of ice:

Say, ye loving, heavenly powers,

Is she virtue? Is she vice?

Going down to Jericho,

From the sufferer shall we draw,

Lest in aiding we should go

Commer to the Levite law?

Shall we take the coward's plan,

Never acting as we feel;

Helping not the plundered man,

Lest the law should say, 'you steal'?

Heavenly powers, if it be true,

Help us kindly to belief,

That to give the robed his due,

Is but stealing from the thief:

Tell us, if the truth be so,

That Samaritans now ride,

Going down to Jericho,

On the Priest and Levite side!

From the New-York Tribune.

ON READING THE ADDRESS OF CASSIUS M. CLAY TO THE PEOPLE OF KENTUCKY.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

Right nobly said, right nobly done,

Brave champion of the West!

Stirred by that rushing, glowing tide,

Each generous heart beats high with pride

That Freedom's shield hath such a breast,

Our Country such a son.

A glorious strife, a bloodless field,

A victory waits the hand;

For mail and helmet, shield and lance,

The enchanted swords of old Romance,

Were weak before Truth's shining brand,

The weapon thou dost wield.

Forth from those serried ranks of wrong,

Alone I see thee stand;

I hear thy voice sound clear and high,

In trumpet tones the battle-cry.

That echoes through the land,

For Right against the Strong!'

Right nobly done! To bid one slave

Stand up erect, a man,

To me, were higher glory far

Than chaining to triumph car

A thousand captives from the plain,

Where War's red honors wave.

My Country! though thy tarnished name,

Thy Freedom is a jest,

Thus true to God, thus true to thee,

If thou could boast such sons as he,

The *Cœur de Lion* of the West;

Brief, brief shall be thy shame.

## TRUE RELIGION.

Religion! child of God, whose scrupulous voice  
Speaks peace and love, how is thy hallowed name  
Unsured, profaned, dishonored in the mouths  
Of Bigotry, Hypocrisy, and Cant!

By diabolical alethymy, who turn

The breed of life to gall—who dash its cup!

With tears and blood, and in thy injured name

Worship Oppression, Falsehood and Revenge;

Turn to a den of thieves the house of Prayer;

Where God gave blessing, uttering curses dire!

## REFORMATOR Y.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

SPRINGFIELD, March 2, 1845.

DEAR GARRISON: While so much is said, at present, against the system of religion taught in our land, it may not be amiss for me to say a few words in favor of the religion taught by the Son of God.

It is opposed to all SLAVERY. It commands us, in truth and love, to do unto others as we would have them do unto us; and nobody would willingly allow another individual to hold him or her in slavery. In proof of this, I urge the deep sense of injustice that all feel, when they think of being held in bondage to any man. A truth written upon every man's heart, was uttered by our fathers when they declared that all men were created free. We feel it, we realize it in our immortal souls. The child, when it commences existence, is impatient of restraint, long to be free from even necessary confinement, and through life there is something rising in the soul continually, which repels all attempts to restrain or confine the man. The history of nations shows with what lines of deep indenture this is written on the heart. God made us to be free. Heaven shines over our heads a free heaven—earth revolves beneath us a free earth—stars and suns move and remain stationary freely, without force—the air, the sea, the earth, the sun, and all above, around, and within are, and move on or remain quiet, as they list. Even inferior animals are loath to be confined, and break from their cages, often times. Why should not man be free? The Christian religion came to 'undo the bands of the captive, to open the prison doors of the confined, and to let the oppressed go free.' Freedom, entire, inward and outward, is its freedom, its pearl of great price, that it offers to man. The liberty of the gospel is a theme that all professed followers of Jesus continually dwell upon.

It is opposed to WAR. A spirit of retaliation it supervenes to be wrong. Its distinguishing trait is, 'peace on earth, good will to man.' Unlike the bloody system of hatred and retaliation practised by the Jews, it inculcates holy love to all men, even our bitterest enemies. It breathes nothing but love to all. It declares love to be the fulfilling of the law. If we enjoy the Christian religion, we shall not kill, learn to kill, hold office under man-kill, governments, nor sustain them in any way; neither shall we hate, nor wish to injure any human being. Nothing short of this is the Christianity religion. Where it prevails, love, peace and harmony will reign—all will be one band of brethren. Away with the idea that we can be Christians, and indulge in envyings, bitter feelings, towards any person upon the earth. Charity thinketh not evil.

It inculcates the strictest purity of thought, word, looks and actions. 'Be pure in heart' is one of its great commandments. Looking upon a woman to lust after her, is forbidden by its divine Founder.

It forbids by its teachings the use, manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks, except as a medicine, or for mechanical purposes. 'Love worketh no evil to its neighbor,' it declares, and consequently an individual possessing it will not do any thing injuring his fellow-men as much as the use, traffic in, and manufacture of alcoholic drinks. It requires strict abstinence from all unnecessary articles of food and drink in the motto, 'Be temperate in all things; when it declares that 'it is good neither to eat flesh nor drink wine, nor any thing whereby a brother is offended or made weak.' It manifestly forbids us using such articles as certainly injure much those who do use them, because by so doing we encourage others.

It teaches perfect humility. 'Except ye shall humble yourselves as this little child, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' A little child is not proud—a perfect pattern of its blessed Maker, until it learns its lessons of pride and love of power from the world around. Proud sectarian churches, ministers fanning their ungodly pride by a *persecution* and full indulgence of it, such as hardly any other men have, cannot be of Jesus's humble religion. Born in a manger, cradled in obscurity, nurtured in persecution, thriving best in poverty, hated and despised by the criminals and by society, it is the Christian religion. To be proud, is not to be a Christian.

It. Heavenly-mindedness is much insisted on in the Christian religion. 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, but in heaven,' it says. 'Love not the world, nor the things of the world.' Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. Striving after wealth, laying up riches here, amassing worldly treasures, and eagerly seizing any and every opportunity to 'make money,' are not characteristics of a true Christian.

7th. Sectarian church organizations are the mark of the peculiar disapprobation of Jesus and his apostles. All his followers are one, united together; and if so, of what use are church bands, to make the cords of love tighter around the hearts of true Christians? A sectarian religion, one that is split up into sects and parties, cannot be the Christian religion.

6th. The Christian religion supports no ungodly slaveholding governments. A religion sustaining this corrupt, detestable wicked government cannot be our Saviour's religion. His government is one of love, moral suasion, 'whose officers are peace, and whose executors are righteousness'—whose God is the Lord.

You're in the bonds of Christianity,

C. STEARNS.

P. S. THURSDAY MORNING, Feb. 6th.—At 9 o'clock this morning, York, the murderer was sentenced to be hung. The court-room was crowded with spectators, who manifested—as is not usually the case—but little sympathy for the prisoner. He received his sentence with a perfect black-faced impudence, thinking no doubt, that through the pseudophilanthropic efforts of John Pierpont, the editor of the Hangman, Abby Folsom, and others, his punishment would be mitigated to imprisonment for life, or rather imprisonment until he could murder his keepers and escape. And if this should happen, and he should chance to be retaken, who doubts but that, in these days of benevolence, forgiveness and love, he would be enabled to keep his head above justice by relying upon that newly invented life-preserver, 'a plug of insanity.'

The foregoing copy is P. S. to a letter from a Boston correspondent of the Yankee Blade, the spirit of which, we think, better adapted to some Kentuckian's bowie knife blade, than to our friend Matthew's Yankee Blade. However it is much the spirit of this age of Christian 'forgiveness,' and shows plainly the low estimate of human life, and learns us with what reception the plea of mercy is met; how little true Christianity is practised by a people who pretend to bow to, and to acknowledge Jesus to be their Savior. But they have yet to learn his doctrine practically—they are not yet saved—they are in their sins, and themselves need that 'newly invented life-preserver, a plug of insanity,' for no man would drink of overrunning any power by itself. It is an absurdity to think of overcoming 'evil by evil,' or to think of overcoming murder by murder. The States now set the example of revenge and retaliation, and strange would it seem for the subjects, of which those States are composed, to do otherwise than to follow it. Who knows that the executors of the laws are not themselves the guilty ones, directly or indirectly? How many are driven to commit crime by the oppression of the laws or custom, and then suffer their crushing power? And how many guilty ones, with cunning and gold, loose the halter from their own necks, and stop the breath of innocence? Who can answer?—David's Sling.

REV. MR. SPEAR AND BOSTON JAIL.

It will be recollect'd that Br. Charles Spear was, a year or more ago, disallowed by the Chaplain, the privilege of going into the State Prison Sunday School, to assist in the moral and religious culture of the prisoners. Latey he was also denied the privilege of visiting Peter York in Boston Jail, who is there under sentence of death, and who had previously desired Br. Spear to visit him. The reason offered by the keeper of the jail was, that the prisoner was under the charge of Rev. Mr. Coggeshall, and that by his consent Br. S. might be permitted to go in. He did not choose to run after a sectarian clergyman for leave to visit a brother man in prison; and so the doomed one is there under the supervision of a sectarian scheme, which shuts out the access of such liberal philanthropic friends as might visit him with the words of truth and comfort.

BOSTON CHRISTIAN FREEMAN.

It is certainly a summary way of preventing a man from doing mischief, by hanging him. But we do not believe that it is in accordance with the true principles of the Saviour of the world; the assertion of many persons versed in gospel lore, to the contrary notwithstanding. Why, it seems to us that murdering a man, whether legally or illegally, is contrary to the letter and spirit of the gospel, and in direct violation of its teachings. Public sentiment is getting sound on this subject, and the day is not far distant when the gallows will be abolished altogether.—*Boston Christian Freeman*.

## THE LIBERATOR.

From the Hangman.

JUDICIAL REVENGE.

FRIEND SPEAR.—We sometimes hear it affirmed that the spirit of Capital Punishment is not the spirit of revenge. I wish to relate a fact illustrating the spirit of that spirit, and will leave others to decide whether it be from above or from beneath. I had a conversation with a jurymen in Rhode Island a few months ago. He stated that he had recently acted on the jury, and at a recess of the Court he had a conversation with one of the prominent Judges in that State, on the restlessness of the people under their government. The Judge remarked very bitterly, 'There must be more hemp stretched, and then they'll keep quiet.' That is the man whose word hangs the lives of human beings. As he might charge a jury, so might the fate of a prisoner turn, and his desire to have more hemp stretched would in no way incline him to mercy.

C. M. BURLEIGH.

EXECUTION OF DOWNGEY AND POWYS FOR MURDER.

Stafford, 25th curt.

A communication having been received this morning, by the authorities, to the effect that the Queen having been pleased to respite the execution of the prisoners until the 25th inst. for the purpose of submitting a Crown case for the decision of the judges, and that decision having been against the prisoners, no further instructions would be given to the Sheriff, the Sheriff, therefore, fixed twelve o'clock to-day for the execution. The convicts manifested no alarm when apprised at five o'clock that they would expire the crime of which they had been found guilty, by an ignominious death upon the scaffold this day, at twelve o'clock. Precisely at that hour, the tolling of the prison bell announced that the melancholy procession was moving towards the place of execution. The culprits, who had undergone no apparent alteration since the trial, walked with a firm and unfaltering step. Downing ascended the drop with a hasty step, and placed himself immediately under the fatal beam; and whilst the executioner was adjusting the rope, said "Gentlemen, here is two chaps going to be murdered; we are going to die as innocent as child unborn; we are free from it." Powys then ascended the scaffold, and whilst the executioner was putting the rope round his neck, said, 'Don't put the rope so tight; I can't breathe.' After the caps had been drawn over their faces, and whilst the chaplain was proceeding with the burial service, both the criminals prayed aloud, and apparently with great fervor. While they were so engaged, the drop fell, and the world closed upon them. Downing ceased at once to live, but Powys struggled for several minutes.—*Glasgow Argus*, Jan. 20.

EXECUTION AT YORK.

The murderer, William Kendrew, underwent the extreme sentence of death, and was hanged on the 25th instant.

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